Milton Horace West

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM TEXAS

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Milton Horace West

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
TEXAS

Eighty-first Congress
First Session

UNITED STATES
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Biography

MILTON HORACE WEST was born on a farm near Gonzales, Gonzales County, Tex., June 30, 1888; attended the public schools and the West Texas Military Academy at San Antonio; served with Company C, Texas Rangers, in 1911 and 1912; studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1915 and began practice in Floresville, Tex.; moved to Brownsville, Tex., in 1917 and continued the practice of law; district attorney for the twenty-eighth judicial district of Texas 1922–25 and assistant district attorney 1927–30; member of the State house of representatives 1930–33; elected as a Democrat to the Seventy-third Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John N. Garner; reelected to the Seventy-fourth and to the six succeeding Congresses and served from April 22, 1933, until his death; was not a candidate for renomination in 1948; died in Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., October 28, 1948; interment in Buena Vista Cemetery, Brownsville, Tex.

In the House of Representatives

THURSDAY, *May 12, 1949.*

Mrs. NORTON. Mr. Speaker, by direction of the Committee on House Administration, I offer a privileged resolution (H. Res. 186) providing for holding memorial services on Wednesday, May 25, 1949 (Rept. No. 574), and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 25th day of May 1949, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on House Administration under the provisions of clause (1) (j) (2) (C) of rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for 60 legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Speaker shall call the House to order and then as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Eighty-first Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)--United States Army Band

Presiding officer----------The Speaker, Hon. Sam Rayburn

Invocation----------The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Solo, There Is No Death (O'Hara)----------Mr. Robert C. Nicholson
At the piano------Sgt. Albert Goepper

Scripture reading and prayer----------The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address----------Hon. Reva Beck Bosone
Representative from the State of Utah

Solo: Requiem (Homer)----------Mr. Robert C. Nicholson
At the piano------Sgt. Albert Goepper

Address----------Hon. Frances P. Bolton
Representative from the State of Ohio

Taps----------Sgt. Charles Barnes

Echo----------Sgt. George Myers

Benediction----------The Chaplain

Milton Horace West

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 25, 1949.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy holy spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by Sgt. Albert Goepper sang There Is No Death (O'Hara).

The CHAPLAIN—

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-

ence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"As I stand by my cross on the lone mountain's crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lea.
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me!

"But lo! in the distance the clouds break away!
The Gate's glowing portals I see;
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay
The song of the sailors in glee.
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee;
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me."

Heavenly Father, our minds are arrested as we pause to meditate upon the brevity of this life and the immortality of the human soul. Thy providential care towers above the horizons of human needs, and reveals the ultimate blessing to those who pass this way. Our hearts sing, "God cares."

O Thou who didst bow Thy head upon the cross, comfort the sorrowing ones who linger here. Not in vain do we call upon Thee, for we know that neither death, nor life, nor powers, nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

JOHN HOLMES OVERTON, a Senator from the State of Louisiana: Born September 17, 1875; lawyer; graduated from the Louisiana

State University at Baton Rouge in 1895 and from Tulane University at New Orleans in 1897; former member of the board of supervisors of Louisiana State University; Member of the House of Representatives, the Seventy-second Congress; elected to the United States Senate in 1932, 1938, and 1944; died May 14, 1948.

HARLAN JOHN BUSHFIELD, a Senator from the State of South Dakota: Born August 6, 1882; lawyer; attended the Dakota Wesleyan University at Mitchell, S. Dak.; graduated from the Minnesota University Law School at Minneapolis in 1904; served as Governor of South Dakota, 1939–42; elected to the United States Senate in 1942; died September 27, 1948.

JOSEPH MELVILLE BROUGHTON, a Senator from the State of North Carolina: Born November 17, 1888; lawyer; attended Hugh Morson Academy, Wake Forest College, and Harvard University Law School; member of the State senate, 1927–29; served on the board of trustees of Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina; Governor of North Carolina, 1941–45; elected to the United States Senate in 1948; died March 6, 1949.

THOMAS LEONARD OWENS, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born December 21, 1897; lawyer; attended Northwestern University and De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.; graduated from Loyola University Law School, Chicago, Ill., in 1926; served as a private in World War I; Member of the Eightieth Congress; died June 7, 1948.

MILTON HORACE WEST, Fifteenth Congressional District of Texas: Born June 30, 1888; lawyer; attended the West Texas Military Academy, San Antonio, Tex.; served with Company C, Texas Rangers, in 1911 and 1912; district attorney, 1922–25; assistant district attorney, 1927–30; served in the State house of representatives, 1930–33; Member of the Seventy-third to Eightieth Congresses, inclusive; died October 28, 1948.

JOHN JOSEPH DELANEY, Seventh Congressional District of New York: Born August 21, 1878; merchant; lawyer; attended St. James' Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Manhattan College, New York City; graduated from Brooklyn Law School; St. Lawrence University, in 1914; delegate to the Democratic State conventions in 1922 and 1924; deputy commissioner of public markets of New York City, 1924–31; Member of the Sixty-fifth and the Seventy-second to the Eightieth Congresses, inclusive, and Member-elect of the Eighty-first Congress; died November 18, 1948.

SOL BLOOM, Twentieth Congressional District of New York: Born March 9, 1870; music publisher; captain in the New York Naval Reserves in 1917; director of the United States George Washington

Bicentennial Commission; director general of the United States Constitution Sesquicentennial Commission; chairman of Committee on Celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the United States Supreme Court; director and United States Commissioner, New York World's Fair, 1939; Member of the Sixty-eighth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive; died March 7, 1949.

ANDREW LAWRENCE SOMERS, Tenth Congressional District of New York: Born March 21, 1895; manufacturer; attended Manhattan College and New York University in New York City; served in World War I as a hospital apprentice, ensign, and naval aviator; delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1928; Member of the Sixty-ninth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive; died April 6, 1949.

ROBERT LEWIS COFFEY, JR., Twenty-sixth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born October 21, 1918; engineer; soldier; attended the University of Pittsburgh and Penn State College; appointed as a flying cadet in 1939 and during World War II served through successive promotions from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel; flew 97 combat missions; received numerous citations and decorations, including the Distinguished Flying Cross 8 times, and the Air Medal 27 times; served as military air attaché, United States Embassy, Santiago, Chile, 1945–48; Member of the Eighty-first Congress; died April 20, 1949.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

There followed a period of devotional silence, during which the Members stood.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Utah [Mrs. Bosone].

Hon. REVA BECK BOSONE, a Representative from the State of Utah, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. REVA BECK BOSONE

Mrs. BOSONE. Mr. Speaker, it is with gratitude that I accept your invitation to participate in today's memorial exercises. I realize the responsibility of fully expressing the spirit of warm friendship and the reverence which the

Members of this distinguished body have for those comrades who have lifted that curtain of mystery and gone on to eternal rest. It is with a spirit of humility that I attempt my assignment.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However, we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

It's hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forever more.

Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

Bright is the morning with glaring light when the sun rises in the east. Brighter still become its rays as the morning grows into noon—the most brilliant part of the day. As afternoon wears on, the heavens shade the brilliance with colors in full bloom—the sunset. Then the twilight gathers in luxuriant hues, evening descends, and darkness puts the world to sleep.

So it is with the life span of man. With great exultation a child is born. A smile is on every face. With each hope

of life's expectancy, dreams are translated into reality. At the noontime of man's life great in luster is his development, varied is his activity, and bright is his future. As life wears on, his colorful contributions envelop him. Twilight slows the pace but sweetens the path—night descends. He who was once a child becomes a man, and in the evening of his life slips away into the night to rest forever.

In the midst of today's turmoil and haste, it is fitting that we pause to pay homage to those Members of Congress who in this past year have answered their last roll call. When those illustrious gentlemen—Senators JOHN HOLMES OVERTON, of Louisiana; HARLAN JOHN BUSHFIELD, of South Dakota; and JOSEPH MELVILLE BROUGHTON, of North Carolina—answered to their names on those heavenly rolls, I am sure it was with a strong voice of conviction, and that they went with a firm step of courage—two qualities so eminent in these distinguished statesmen.

It was with sweet satisfaction that I perused the Records and found sincere appreciation of the attributes of each of the Members of the House when notice came of his passing. Let me pay tribute to them in the words of one of their colleagues:

I know no man who assumed his responsibilities and duties as a Member of Congress more seriously than TOM OWENS. His name will go down in history as one of those rare individuals who made a thorough study of legislation and fought for what he considered to be right and just and in the best interests of the people of our glorious country.

Those who served with MILTON WEST know that he was firm in his convictions and, moreover, that he had the courage to stand by them at all times and under all circumstances. Here was the type of Representative who never deviated from what he considered the fundamental principles of sound government.

JOHN DELANEY was not only a lovable personality but a man of understanding nature; a man with whom anyone could live, without regard to differences of opinion or race or color or creed, because he was possessed of that one spirit, which I think is more important to enable people to live together than anything else—

the spirit of understanding, of respect of one for the other, with an understanding state of mind.

America gave SOL BLOOM his opportunity and America honors him in passing. He was a devoted public servant. He represents the challenge of our civilization.

ANDREW SOMERS was a great student and authority on the Constitution of the United States—its origin and its interpretation. He was perhaps the greatest authority in the House on the world monetary situation. President Roosevelt recognized his knowledge and ability by appointing him a delegate to the International Monetary Conference that was held in London.

It has brought sorrow to the hearts of all of us to see the sudden passing from our midst of so young a man as Col. ROBERT COFFEY—one who had such a brilliant record in the war and who bore such promise of great accomplishment in the field of government and statesmanship.

To these tributes which have already been spoken, those of us here know that we can add one other tribute which is applicable to each and every one of these men. It is this: "As the soldier died in patriotic service, so did he."

Today the eyes of the whole world are centered on the building in which we now sit—the Capitol of the United States. The words that are spoken and the deeds that are consummated here have a deep and abiding effect on men and women all around the globe. Unrequested, our great country through its humanitarian philosophy has assumed world leadership and world responsibility.

That this country now sits on this pinnacle of preeminence is due in no small measure to many of the men who stood during their lifetime in the well of this House.

> Thanks be to God that such have been,
> Although they are no more.

'Tis true—no more they live in their worldly tabernacles—no more do we feel the warmth of their friendly smile, the grip of a strong handshake—the chastisement of our views on legislation, sometimes deserved. But truly we feel the inspiration of what they said—and what they did. Their convictions and their deeds will live forever in the statutes of

this Nation. Their courage and humanity have forged an unbroken chain of friendship among those they met in their service to their country.

> Thanks be to God that such have been,
> Although they are no more.

"No more?" Who can say that? Regardless of a person's religious views or church affiliation, it is difficult to say where this influence leaves off. A word said today, blossoms into a thought tomorrow, and eventually activates a deed. Where is the end? There is none. Kind words and noble deeds go on forever. Their identity is lost, but the identity is not important.

Have you ever sat on the side of a mountain and observed the bigness of the universe? Have you ever stood on a high pinnacle where a panoramic view of God's handiwork overwhelmed you? One's ego vanishes into nothingness upon the sight of God's creation.

There is no end—a beginning of something else—what? Does it matter? If it does, climb to the topmost ridge of the nearest hill and drink in the fresh air and relax in nature's beauty. Fast will come the realization that there is a plan—a beginning, a development—a death—a death that there must be a rebirth. There is no end.

Some trees have shallow roots. They spread widely, but are stumped. Their shadow is large for awhile, but the tree soon topples and is gone.

Other trees send their roots deep into the earth. They reach for the heavens and grow tall. Their shadow is broad and long and remains for hundreds of years.

Some men develop fast and glamorously, but leave without an imprint upon the life of man—their shadow fades.

Other men work slowly but surely for the benefit of their fellowman. Their unselfish and noble thoughts and deeds give them a deep and rich foundation upon which they grow—grow to such a height and with such firm roots that their shadow lasts.

Some had a full day in which to develop; others, like Colonel COFFEY, lived a long life, but a short day.

We have long ceased to count the numerical years of a man's life, his life is calculated only on the scale of achievement, not selfish attainments but contributions to the happiness and security of mankind.

I feel sure that each Member of Congress who has answered the final roll call has shortened his life because he has placed responsibility to his country first. His community and State achievements have been given national expression. The weight of his conscientiousness in his daily work gave him deep roots, a long shadow, and an everlasting influence in the world.

Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

Death is only an old door,
Set in a garden wall;
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk
When the thrushes call.

There is nothing to trouble any heart;
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall.

Our beloved colleagues—

Cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
What e'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for ever more.

Mr. Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by Sgt. Albert Goepper, sang Requiem (Homer).

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Ohio [Mrs. Bolton].

Hon. FRANCES P. BOLTON, a Representative from the State of Ohio, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANCES P. BOLTON

Mrs. BOLTON of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, some 15 years ago I was in London on the November day that marks the cease-

fire order of the First World War. We call it Armistice Day, the British call it Remembrance Day, and so observe it.

It was not cold, but there was a mist which now and again became the soft rain with which Londoners are so familiar. Close after dawn the people began to gather at the Cenotaph, that simple monument in the very heart of busiest London to which every cabby unobtrusively tips his hat as he drives by it with a reverence which comes from his heart. There was to be a simple memorial service there in midmorning, read by bishops and archbishops, attended by the King and Queen and all the royal family, and shared by all the great and small who could get near enough to hear, as well as those who just stood quietly beyond the range of sight and hearing.

Many of the battle monuments had been designated as gathering places. We chose the one at Hyde Park corner, where a platoon of the regiment whose dead were honored there stood watch. At a few minutes before 11 a car drove up, several men in the formal morning coats of Members of Parliament got out, and in their turn placed a wreath and took their places beside the monument.

If you knew London in the thirties, you knew the teeming noise of that unbelievably busy corner with its busses, cabs, and cars of every sort, its hawkers of every kind. Then suddenly the bugler sounded the first note of taps, and instantaneously there was silence, hats were off, and we all stood motionless as the poignant call went out, to be taken up in the distance to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, like echoes in the mist. Tears ran unchecked from the eyes of stalwart men and sad-eyed women as the sound died. Then once again the bugler raised his bugle to his lips—reveille. The English notes vary a little from ours, but there was no mistaking the call.

Deeply moved, I waited until the crowd had gone and I could go quietly up to this bugler and ask some little question which would perhaps draw from him the reason for this second call, as it did. He saluted, tears still in his eyes and

on his cheek. "Yes, lady, we plays them taps and then we plays them reveille to remind us of the Resurrection."

Later in the day we went to Westminster Abbey, outside of which, in the grass plot, miniature cemetery lots had been marked out, each with the name of some regiment, each with rows of tiny crosses made of palm with a red poppy at the crossbar. There were literally thousands of them, and even as we stood there men and women and children came quietly and planted their crosses beside those already there.

And inside the Abbey?

I wish I could paint the picture to you in words you would never forget. We took our places at a side door in the quiet line that had begun its march in the early morning and in a few minutes found ourselves in the great Abbey. Only the chancel was lighted—the boy choir was chanting evensong. A deep red velvet rope outlined the slab under which lies the body of their unknown soldier. Four guards stood at the four corners. Heaped waist high upon the stone were red roses, placed there one by one even as we placed ours as we, too, paid our respects to the unknown dead—a steady stream of men and women from early day to dark—remembering.

Mr. Speaker, we, too, as a Nation have our Memorial Day. We, too, pay homage to our gallant dead who served their country on the battlefields of earth and sky and sea. This we shall do in all the cemeteries of this great land and those beyond the seas when Monday is upon us.

We here of the Congress of this indissoluble Union of great States have our own remembrance day when we come together to honor those who served their country in these halls through years that held both peace and war.

We have gathered here on this lovely spring afternoon in especial remembrance of those men to whom the gateway into the unseen has opened during the past year. Permit me to name them one by one that we may bring them more closely among us at this moment:

Senator JOHN H. OVERTON, Louisiana.

Senator HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, South Dakota.

Senator J. MELVILLE BROUGHTON, North Carolina.
Representative THOMAS L. OWENS, Illinois.
Representative MILTON H. WEST, Texas.
Representative JOHN J. DELANEY, New York.
Representative SOL BLOOM, New York.
Representative ANDREW L. SOMERS, New York.
Representative ROBERT L. COFFEY, JR., Pennsylvania.

We come to do them honor, these whose span of years is done, with the warmth of their personalities still with us and the echo of their voices still lingering in these halls. We come to commend them to the Almighty and to wish them godspeed on their next adventure.

As is our custom we have invited their families to come among us that they may know we share their loss, that we reach out our hands and hearts to them in their bereavement.

Friends, we welcome you. We hope that there may flow into you the warmth of this fellowship and that it may never grow cold. Especially do I welcome you, for I, too, have sat in those very seats with my sons and have been lifted up on this same tide of understanding. May you take with you from this hour of togetherness a new courage, and a deepened sense of what the years of service given here to our great country by the men you love meant to them and to the land they served. May you know beyond all shadow of doubt that "grief" can be and "should be, like joy, majestic, equable, sedate, confirming, cleansing, raising, making free, strong to consume small troubles, to command great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end"—Aubrey de Vere.

May you have learned ere this that grief is but a selfish thing, that death is one with life even as the river and the sea are one. May you have found that "in the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond, and like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring." May I urge you to "trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity"—Khali Gibran.

"A nation is not a tangible thing, not a building of bricks and mortar that will crash to ruins at the first strong blow." A nation is not its laws, its customs, its behavior, even its history. "It is an echo of the past, a whisper from the future, the whole bound together with the lives, the hopes, and the endeavors of millions of men and women"—Daphne du Maurier. The strength of a nation is the morale, the restraint of its people.

Our America was founded upon a dream and established upon a vision. To the peoples of the world, America stands as a symbol of strength and progress, of enlightened living. Let us remember that, whenever we listen for the echoes of other days, and lift our eyes and try to see over the cusp of tomorrow's dawn.

For 90 and more years these very walls have welcomed the men and women who have taken their turn here under the seals of the States of which the Union is made up, to formulate the laws that should protect the freedom which God in His wisdom permits us to enjoy. Insofar as they have had light they have endeavored to be faithful to their solemn oath to protect the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, both without and within, the Constitution which gave us "a threefold cord that is not quickly broken"—Ecclesiastes 3: 7.

How marvelous that great document—that code under which all of us who are a part of government must function to protect the millions of simple men and women from the domination of other individuals and groups as well as that of government itself. Fluid, with its roots in the fundamental truths of man's very existence, containing within itself the formulas of necessary change.

For close to a century within this Chamber, and the Chamber at the other end of the Capitol, the laws of this great representative Republic have been made. Men have come here from every corner of the land to bring their particular points of view, their special contributions, and lay them upon

this altar. Distances are vast, both in miles and in backgrounds of thought. The clash of sectional thinking has often hurled itself back and forth as the spokesman of each area battled for particular interest. And then again the clear bell will ring from the tower of selfless patriotism and all hearts unite as if they were singing with Langston Hughes:

Let America be America again,
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.
Let America be the dream the dreamers dream—
Let it be the great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme.
—*The Dream of America, Langston Hughes.*

We sit here again today in this old-fashioned Chamber where contention has flared, where compromise has been accomplished, where legislation has been brought forth. Above us the state seals have been a reminder that we are indeed a union of many different and differing groups. Our hearts are softened by our common loss, while before our inner eye pass these with whom we have shared the burden and the joy of service here. We shall miss them always.

Let us hope that the vibrations of loyalty and service of these many years have penetrated deep into these walls, that they may give back to those who listen the charge to be vigilant, the courage to be strong, lest freedom, the most cherished of all man's privileges, be taken from us.

These walls are saying to us even now:

There was a dream that men could one day speak the thoughts of their own choosing.

There was a hope that men could one day stroll through streets at evening, unafraid.

There was a prayer that each could speak to his own God—in his own church.

That dream, that hope, that prayer became America!

Great strength, youthful heart, vast enterprise, hard work make it so.

Now that same America is the dream, the hope, the prayer of the world.

Our freedom, its dream. Our strength, its hope. Our swift race against time, its prayer.
We must not fail the world now.
We must not fail to share our freedom with it afterwards.
Keep singing, keep working, and fight for America.
—*From The Flag Speaks.*

Yes, this land we love was dreamed into being as all things are, for first must come the stirring of the idea and then the bringing it forth into form. But that is not all—for if it is not seized hold upon and built up stone by stone, arch by arch, spire by spire, it will lie quiet until some other comes and builds it to the skies.

When the dream has been dreamed and vision has brought it into being, men must have the courage to find out its depths and heights, its breadth and all its implications and the endurance to work unceasingly to make it live, to protect it from vandals, to share it with those who have it not.

This they have done in goodly measures, these in whose name we gather here—with those whose footsteps have grown faint with the years. May we add their courage and their longings to our own, for we are a Nation so truly wanting to do right, we Americans; but we still mistake the just wanting for the doing, for the being. Just wanting to be friends with others will not make us so. Much must first be built of trust, of confidence, of mutual respect, before there can be the strong handclasp of understanding.

Just crying aloud: Let there be peace, Oh Lord, peace in our time—will not bring peace. When shall we learn the lesson that if we really would end war, if we would preserve freedom, then must we—

Create great peace—
The peace that demands all of a man,
His love, his life, his veriest self;
Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work that becomes his child;
Coerce him to be himself at all hazards, with the toil and the mating that belong to him:
Compel him to serve—
Give him a hard peace: a peace of discipline and justice—

Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure;
Set him at work, not to create things,
But to create men,
Yes, himself.
Go search your heart, America—
Turn from machine to man,
Build, while there is yet time, a creative peace—
While there is yet time;
For if you reject great peace,
As surely as vile living brings disease
So surely shall your selfishness bring war.
—*From 1914 and After War and Laughter, by James Oppenheim.*

This same thought so forcefully given by James Oppenheim after the First World War was expressed to me in other language in 1945 by an ensign in our Naval Reserve. He wrote:

Be strong, curious, tenacious in your investigations and thinking on the various matters that come before you. Be critical of anything that tends to regulate our lives—demand facts, not fine words, from those who sell these things. Don't be afraid to let us struggle with our lives, for out of struggle comes strong people.

What wisdom in his words. "Do not be afraid to let us struggle with our lives."

Is it perhaps fear that gives birth to measures that would deprive our youth of struggle, of the compulsion to serve, of the discipline of justice? Is it fear that tempts us to give him something other than a hard peace? Are we afraid to turn loose the creative forces of our people to build the creative peace that Oppenheim has said is the one way to keep from war?

If this is so then let us use these precious moments of togetherness to clasp hands, and hearts, reviewing our faith in the God in whom we have put our trust that His power may strengthen our courage and add to it the wisdom and the carelessness of self that are the essentials of leadership. Let

us reconsecrate ourselves to the preservation of freedom with all its implications of individual responsibility and of selfless recognition of the interdependence of men and of nations. Let us remind ourselves that only as we give shall we possess, that only as we strive shall we attain.

These men who were our colleagues only yesterday—and the many others who preceded them, have left a command to service upon us that we may not set aside. Their valiant souls were here among us so short a time ago, striving to serve America.

We salute you, comrades, and we pledge you our word that we shall not falter in the task of protecting freedom here at home. Nor shall we fail to hold the torch high in the darkness that enshrouds the world, that other peoples far across the sea may take fresh heart and go forward toward the dawn. To do this we do know that we must "put our hand into the hand of God for that shall be to us better than a light and safer than a known way"—King George VI. What lies ahead is uncharted territory, unknown ways, for the world has changed, all things are new and we who must walk here yet a little time must take a fresh hold on courage and on faith. And let us be quite certain that could we but hear these comrades of ours as they speak to us they might well be saying:

You must not weep or grieve for me, but see
My joy that all my earthly chains be broke.
I go to other fields, a fairer land—
  New vistas, wider visions meet my eye,
There will be other labors for my hand,
  And new adventures 'neath that other sky.
No sigh nor tears that dissipate the soul
  Can build a lasting monument on earth
For rather would I see my life-work whole,
  See you convert it to some last worth.

—*A Message, by Roscoe Charles Wilson.*

So we have come together for an hour sharing our sorrow, strengthening our faith, taking fresh courage for the work ahead—their work and ours.

Grant us Thy blessing, Lord.

Unveil oh Thou who are the sustenance of the universe, from whom all doth proceed, to whom all must return. Thou face of the true sun now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may see the truth and do our whole duty on our long journey to Thy sacred seat.

—*From the Sanskrit.*

Sgt. Charles Barnes, United States Army, sounded taps, the echo being sounded by Sgt. George Myers.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Milton Horace West

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Camp

Of Georgia

Mr. CAMP. Mr. Speaker, the sorrow we experience in the passing of our friends is one from which our hearts fail to find real surcease, for this sorrow is measured exactly by our love for them.

On the 28th day of October 1948 the great Master of the Universe called our brilliant, kind-hearted, generous, staunch, distinguished, and beloved colleague, MILTON WEST, from his patriotic and unselfish labor among us to his eternal home in that country—

> From whose bourn
> No traveler returns.

And all of us were so convulsed in an overwhelming grief that time, though a great healer, refuses to palliate. All of us loved MILT WEST, for he loved all of us. A scion of a strong and sturdy family, a peer of statesmen and business leaders, he fraternized with men of high and low estate, and saw and understood their best qualities, shared their joys and sorrows.

He was a strong and mighty oak in the forest of men. He was a true nobleman, in thought, in purpose, and in action, and he appreciated that quality in others as few men can do. I think the poet has expressed his conception of nobility in these words:

> Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
> 'Tis only noble to be good,
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

It was my privilege to know MILT WEST from the very first days of my service in the House, which began in August 1939 and our acquaintance ripened into genuine friendship by service together on the great Committee on Ways and Means. As we were drawn closer together by friendship's ties, I discovered that his genuine joy came from service he rendered his country, his State, and those about him. He loved his committee work and gave careful thought and consideration to every measure coming before it. No Member voted more intelligently nor more conscientiously, and once he arrived at a decision he was unswerving and determined in advocating his conviction.

Were I to be asked whom I considered most typical of the citizenry that conquered the wilderness of the original section of our country now embraced by the great Lone Star State and made of it the great commonwealth that it is, I would say MILTON H. WEST, who served it as a citizen, as public official, as a Texas ranger, and who died while giving his time and talents to their fullest capacity as one of its Representatives in the Halls of Congress.

MILTON WEST was one of the—

> Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog,
> In public duty, and in private thinking.

And one of those—

> Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
> Men who the spoils of office cannot buy;
> Men who possess opinions, and a will;
> Men who have honor, men who will not lie.

Remarks by Representative Keogh

Of New York

Mr. KEOGH. Mr. Speaker, MILTON H. WEST was one of the most conscientious and effective legislators to have been sent to the House from Texas, which has produced so many vigorous public servants in the National Legislature.

He was destined to follow to Congress one of the most respected and beloved of Texans—John Nance Garner. When Mr. Garner, who had been Speaker, resigned his seat in the House to become Vice President, Mr. WEST was chosen in a special election, April 22, 1933. His task was a difficult one. But he did not suffer by comparison with his illustrious predecessor.

MILTON WEST had a solid Texas background, and it stood him in good stead, assisting him in maintaining balance among the swirling currents of controversy in Washington.

A native of El Rancho, Tex., he attended the West Texas Military Academy in San Antonio. Then, at 22, he enlisted in Company C of the Frontier Battalion of the Texas Rangers. That was in 1911. In this superb, rigorous service, he spent nearly 2 years.

Attracted by the law, he gave up his role in its enforcement to study its interpretation. In a law office in Floresville, Tex., he received a sound, practical grounding in the legal principles of his Nation and his State. He was admitted to the Texas bar in 1915 and began practice in Floresville, where he remained until 1917. In that year he moved to Brownsville, which was to remain his home until his untimely death.

Mr. WEST maintained a successful practice in Brownsville and became a highly regarded member of the community. In 1922 he offered his legal talents to the public as a whole

in the election for district attorney. His qualifications were recognized at once, and the voters chose him as prosecutor for the Twenty-eighth Judicial District of Texas. He discharged the responsibilities of his post capably and served until 1925. After a brief return to private life, he became a prosecutor again in 1927 as assistant district attorney for the same district.

Then, in 1930, he resigned to be a candidate for the State legislature. He was successful and had useful service in that body until his election to the House.

MILTON WEST displayed early in his congressional career a grasp of the intricate and vital problems of Government finance. During much of his time on Capitol Hill he was occupied with the tedious but supremely important task of finding adequate revenue to operate the huge Federal establishment. In his years as a member of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, his colleagues came increasingly to rely on his sound judgment.

He not only had an important hand in writing numerous tax measures in the program of internal-revenue raising, but also found time to make exhaustive studies of the tariff structure.

Despite the ill health of his last years, he strove to discharge his responsibilities to the best of his ability. He continued to give his district effective representation and still was a valued Member of the House when, in January 1948, he made the announcement that saddened his friends, both in Texas and in Washington. MILTON WEST declared at that time that he would not be a candidate for reelection.

When he died, October 28, 1948, the House lost one of its most valued legislative workmen. He brought to Congress a methodical, discerning mind, a high devotion to responsibility, and a modesty and friendliness which combined in his passing to produce a sharp sense of loss among his colleagues and a deep feeling of sympathy for his widow and lawyer son.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

FRIDAY, *December 31, 1948.*

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, since last we convened here the State of Texas, the Congress, and the Nation have sustained a great loss in the passing of our former colleague from Texas, a Member of the Eightieth Congress, Hon. MILTON WEST, who passed away in the city of Washington on the 28th day of October 1948.

This year I have served as chairman of the Texas congressional delegation, and on behalf of the members of the delegation I speak at this time. We, of course, were shocked and grieved over the passing of our colleague. He was our friend.

Earlier in the year when Mr. WEST announced that he would not seek reelection to Congress I had occasion in the House of Representatives to speak of this stalwart friend and his distinguished service in the Congress.

He came to the House of Representatives during the Seventy-third Congress when the Honorable John Nance Garner from southwest Texas was made Vice President. At the time this seat became vacated MILTON WEST took over and served here for many years with great distinction.

MILTON WEST was much beloved by his colleagues from Texas and he was much beloved by the Members of the House on both sides of the aisle. He performed a great service to his own district and State, to the Congress, and the Nation. We all mourn his passing and we extend our sympathy to his bereaved family.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Poage].

Mr. POAGE. Mr. Speaker, it was my pleasure to serve with MILTON WEST in the Texas Legislature nearly 20 years ago. We knew him there as here, as a man who would speak his mind without hesitation and without reservation. We knew him as one on whom we could rely and one whose word was always good. We came to have a real affection for MILTON WEST as did the Members of this House.

MILTON WEST has served his State and his Nation over a long period of time with credit to himself and with great benefit to his own community. His passing was a great loss to the Nation, and although he had voluntarily retired from the Congress and was not a candidate for reelection, his passing will be felt in Texas and throughout the United States. All of us will find ourselves the poorer by losing this great friend of ours.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Gossett].

Mr. GOSSETT. Mr. Speaker, this is our first meeting since the untimely death of our late lamented friend and former colleague, the Honorable MILTON WEST, of Brownsville, Tex. I join with my colleagues in paying tribute to him. He served his district, the State of Texas, and the Nation here in the Congress for many years with rare distinction. He was a rugged individualist of whom we have too few. He commanded the respect of all who knew him. There was never any doubt of his position on any issue. He always fought for what he thought to be right with honesty, courage, and ability. Our country is a better place because of his life and service, and suffered a great loss in his passing.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Rich].

Mr. RICH. Mr. Speaker, I also wish to pay my tribute to MILTON WEST. He was one of the finest men I have ever associated with in all my life. He was a man who had his

own individual ideas, and at heart he was one of the finest characters I have ever known. Always sincere in the things he wanted to do, he did those things which he believed would be in the best interest of his country.

The people of Texas have lost a great representative, the people of the United States have lost a man who was always interested in doing those things that would make our country a better place in which to live. Personally, I have lost one of the finest friends I have ever had.

Mr. Speaker, MILTON WEST's name will go down in history as one of the greatest Congressmen. He was a friend at all times, a man for whom we had great respect and confidence. His loss is mourned by all.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Doughton].

Mr. DOUGHTON. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman from Texas for giving me this opportunity to say a word of tribute to our late colleague and my very dear friend, MILTON WEST. While I had the honor to be chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, Mr. WEST served for a number of years as a member of that committee. Up to the time his health failed he was always attentive and diligent in his work, and his outstanding ability was equaled only by his courage. He always acted in a way that he conceived to be his duty, not only for the best interest of his own district, but in advancement of the welfare of the entire country. He enjoyed the respect and confidence and, I might say, the love of each member of our committee.

MILTON WEST succeeded a great man in this House. He represented the district formerly represented by the great John Nance Garner, who was for many years, as we all know, one of the most able and outstanding Members of this House. Mr. Garner served two terms as Vice President of the United States.

MILTON WEST succeeded a great man; he represented a great district; and he discharged his duties in a most commendable manner. I am proud and glad to have the privilege of saying a word of tribute to the splendid work he did in this Congress.

In closing I express my deepest and most profound sympathy for each member of his family in their great sorrow and bereavement.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Reed].

Mr. REED of New York. Mr. Speaker, this Nation lost a wise legislator, an able, fearless, public servant in the passing of Hon. MILTON H. WEST, of Texas. Those who have served with Representative WEST know that he was firm in his convictions and moreover that he had the courage to stand by them at all times and under all circumstances. Here was the type of Representative who never deviated from what he considered the fundamental principles of sound government.

Although a quiet man, when he did express himself either in committee or on the floor of the House his words carried weight with his colleagues on both sides of the aisle.

During the Seventy-third Congress to the Eightieth Congress, inclusive, the service of Representative WEST in the House of Representatives was of the highest order in the field of statesmanship. I knew him well. I not only had a profound respect for him but a deep affection as well. We were personal friends to the very last.

I consider that the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives has lost one of its ablest and most valuable members in the passing of our distinguished colleague from Texas.

I extend my deepest sympathy to Mrs. West and to the relatives and friends of Representative WEST.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Jenkins].

Mr. JENKINS of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, I am glad to add my word of tribute to this distinguished gentleman from Texas [Mr. WEST]. He was a man of noble impulse; a man of the highest character; a rugged man of the soil. It was a pleasure to serve with him on the Ways and Means Committee when we were considering matters of great importance, which we did frequently on that important committee; it was a test of one's intelligence, and more important yet, it was a test of one's courage and fortitude. With the gentleman from Texas [Mr. WEST] it apparently was easy for him to make his decision and it was easy for us to know his position and to know that when he once took a position he could be depended upon. I shall miss MILTON WEST, for I had great confidence in him and great respect for his opinion.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Cooper].

Mr. COOPER. Mr. Speaker, it was with very deep regret that I heard of the unfortunate passing of our distinguished colleague, MILTON WEST, of Texas. It was my privilege to serve with him throughout his service here and to be rather closely associated with him as a member of the Committee on Ways and Means. He was a man who possessed the highest attributes of character and all of the sterling qualities of manhood; a man of recognized ability and demonstrative devotion to public service.

I am sure we all extend our deepest sympathies to the members of his bereaved family.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Dingell].

Mr. DINGELL. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay a modest tribute to my good friend, MILTON WEST, who has been to me a paragon of rugged honesty and helpful in all the things that are good and decent. May God rest his soul.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Short].

Mr. SHORT. Mr. Speaker, strong, stalwart, statesmanlike, fearless, without ever asking any quarter from anybody, anywhere, MILTON WEST, from the State of Texas, which is not a State but an empire, stood on the floor of this House and voiced his opinion and spoke his convictions often at times against his own colleagues.

There is not much remuneration that we get from being in this body except the camaraderie and the good friendship, but always until my dying day shall I cherish the memory of MILTON WEST.

He was no softie or cream puff. He was not a sissy. No one ever accused him of being such. He was a Texas Ranger. He had red blood in his veins, he had clear thinking in his mind, and he had brotherly love in his heart.

I loved MILTON WEST more than I ever dared tell him. Clarence Lea, you who have served for a third of a century in this House, knew him well. We are sorry to see you leave, but having lived and associated with him all these years, I know that you, like myself, will cherish his blessed memory.

Words are weak and impotent, they are so hollow, and we cannot really give expression to the feeling that is deep down in our hearts, but you who lived with him and knew him much better than most any of us know that we can say "Here is a man." God bless him and his loved ones through all the years to come.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Lynch].

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, it was with real sorrow and regret that I learned of the death of our colleague and member of our committee, Hon. MILTON WEST, of Texas.

During my terms of service in the House of Representatives and more particularly since I became a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, I learned to know him and

to admire him for his outstanding ability, for his courage, and his loyalty. I know that we are all sorry to hear of his death.

I extend to his family and relatives my sincerest condolences.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Eberharter].

Mr. EBERHARTER. Mr. Speaker, during my entire service on the Committee on Ways and Means I enjoyed very much the friendship and comradeship of MILTON WEST. He served on that committee with distinction to himself, to his district, and to the Congress of the United States and to the United States as a nation.

It was with great regret and sorrow that I learned of his death. I knew that he had been ill for several months. I join with the other Members who have expressed their sorrow at his passing.

Mr. BENTSEN. Mr. Speaker, it is, indeed, an honor for me to speak of my distinguished and honored predecessor, MILTON H. WEST.

God in his wisdom has seen fit to take from our midst one of the House of Representatives' most courageous and capable men. I knew MILTON WEST and members of his family intimately, although I did not have the privilege, as you men had, of serving with him. But I did have the honor of being one of his constituents.

He was of the pioneer stock that took Texas as a frontier country and made it the progressive State it is today. His life story is almost a legendary one of service to the people of this Nation as a Texas Ranger, district attorney, State legislator, and United States Representative.

The things that MILTON stood for were pronounced by his every deed and his every action. He was known throughout his district as a man of courage and ability, a man who voted his convictions in serving both his district and his country.

Now that MILTON WEST has gone west, we of his district want the Members of the House to know that the thoughts and love of the people of his district go with him. He was a sincere, honest, and generous citizen of our State—a man we like to think of as a real Texan.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Rayburn].

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, the words of the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Short], or at least some of them, in describing the man, MILTON WEST, were accurate and deeply touching. Always when I thought of MILTON WEST, I thought of two things. I thought of the Rock of Ages and I thought of the giant oak. He was sturdy; he was strong. He was a Texas Ranger in the days when it was dangerous to be an officer of the law in some sections of the far West. He was a sheriff. He was a lawyer. He was a prosecuting attorney. He was a Congressman. He was true to the ancient faith every day of his good life.

Mr. FISHER. Mr. Speaker, in Texas MILTON WEST needs no eulogy, for it is written in the hearts and minds of the people who knew and admired him. He typified the spirit of the West, of those who believed in good, old-fashioned Americanism. He had but little patience with those who want something for nothing, who sneer at the fundamentals of our democratic institutions.

MILTON WEST was reared in southwest Texas, along the silvery waters of the Rio Grande, where he developed a code of honor and justice which followed him throughout his useful life. In Congress he devoted himself to the welfare of his own constituents with a frequency unequaled. Among men of honor he commanded the highest respect and with his logic and soundness of judgment he wielded a tremendous influence.

Mr. Speaker, in the passing of our friend the State of Texas and his district have lost an eminent representative and an outstanding citizen, the Nation has lost an exponent of those principles of sound government which must be preserved if our democracy is to survive, and I have lost a treasured friend.

By the memory of MILTON WEST let us resolve to cultivate, preserve, and emulate those fine qualities which characterized his career; let us determine to meet the call of duty with that firmness of character and devotion to principle which typified his life.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members of the House who desire to do so may have unanimous consent to extend their remarks in the Record at this point in regard to the passing of our late beloved colleague, MILTON WEST.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Texas?

There was no objection.

Mr. THOMAS of Texas. Mr. Speaker, in the passing of our beloved colleague, MILTON WEST, the membership of the House and the people of his great district have lost an able and patriotic public servant. No man has ever served in the House who was more highly regarded by his colleagues than he. His common honesty, good level head, and straightforward manner in dealing with men and problems endeared him to all of us. We will miss his wise counsel and his personal friendship.

I enjoin with you in expressing to his lovely family our deep and sincere sympathy. We share with them their great sorrow and irreparable loss.

Mr. MAHON. Mr. Speaker, I send to the desk a resolution (H. Res. 723) and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, that the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MILTON H. WEST, a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. HALLECK. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the deceased Member I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

Whereupon (at 1 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned sine die.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

FRIDAY, *December 31, 1948.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Swanson, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. MILTON H. WEST, late a Representative from the State of Texas, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. CONNALLY. Mr. President, I present a resolution, and ask for its immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 281) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. MILTON H. WEST, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. WHITE. Mr. President, I now move that the Senate adjourn sine die, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned sine die.

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